Male Seahorses

What if we lived in a world where female seahorses looked after the baby seahorses then the males could hang out at the waterfall, bring some Tuna, babysit the fifty kids, hang on to some kelp or coral, I mean I'm a seahorse, I need my free time and what does she do while I'm looking after dozens and dozens of baby seahorses in the ocean. Hey, that makes me think, I'm a seahorse not an ocean horse, what's with that? I don't even have time to smell the anemones. When there are no kids around she doesn't even want date night or watch the jelly fish follow the Moon or hold tales and float along in the current. I try. I really do and then the mating season comes around and it's non-stop poke, prod, and rut, rut, rut. Sure I have free time while she's pregnant and she goes off by herself until she gives birth and hands them over to me. I mean here I am holding onto a rock or some coral and there they all are, swimming around and around and around then some damn fish comes along and eats some of them. Look at me! I'm a colorful seahorse, handsome and virile. Need I say more? I can stretch out as big as a piece of eight or a giant appendage of all those Mermen type creatures who fall out of the boats on the surface of the sea. The crabs and the sharks usually get them with blood everywhere. Pieces way too big for us to eat, anyway my mouth is so small all I can eat is the detritus passing by in the water, our blue world. Then, sometimes we males get bullied by the larger female seahorses to look after the numerous offspring. I mean I didn't know I had it in me! My brain hurts thinking about all this. I'm so tired. I need a rest. Hey! What's that on my back? Damn kids!

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